

I WANNA DIE SO EASILY

Alba Pratalia

DAMN YOU!



I WANNA DIE SO EASILY

By Alba Pratalia

"I Wanna Die So Easily"

Martin Levy was a man who knew everything about jazz and nothing about hope.

In the evenings, he'd sit at the same cracked stool in the same cracked bar, a forgotten place called *The Blue Wick*. He never spoke much. He just pointed at the scratched jukebox with one long, shaking finger. *Miles Davis. Chet Baker. Lester Young*. He knew the catalogue by number.

When a tune started, he'd hum along, dry and hollow, like a man already dead but too stubborn to stop breathing. His voice, when he bothered to use it, carried the rasp of too many cigarettes and too many nights spent sitting alone, chewing over memories that didn't even matter anymore.

His favorite song wasn't on any record.

It was the one he sang to himself in fragments between coughs, the one he never finished because finishing anything seemed like too much of a lie:

"I wanna die so easily
I wanna die so fast
I wanna die too terribly hard
For death to ever last
My heart should be well-schooled
'Cause I've been fooled in the past
But still I wanna die so easily
I wanna die too fast."

He didn't have a tragic backstory worth telling. No great love lost, no grand betrayal. No car crash, no bankruptcy. Just *wearing down*, like a cheap tire on a forgotten road. Some people rot from the outside in; Martin was rotting inside out.

People at the bar learned to ignore him. You couldn't help him. You couldn't even pity him without feeling like you were the real fool. Sometimes new faces, college kids or sad tourists, would come in, notice him hunched over his glass, and ask the bartender, "Hey, what's his story?"

The bartender, polishing glasses already too clean,
would shrug and say:

*"He just likes the good stuff. And he knows the bad
stuff too."*

Martin didn't wait for death like a man waits for a
bus. He waited for death like a man waiting for a
note at the end of a solo that never comes — a
sweet, impossible note that would finally make sense
of everything before dissolving into silence.

But the night never ended the way he wanted.

The records would stop.

The bar would close.

The rain would fall.

And Martin would stagger home under flickering
streetlights, humming:

"I wanna die too terribly hard

For death to ever last..."

His shoes filled with water. His coat sagged like a defeated flag. His heart — slow, stubborn, stupid — kept beating. Always a beat too late. Always out of time.

Still.

One night, walking home, Martin simply sat down at the curb. Right there. Water pooling around him, cigarette still burning between two fingers.

Nobody noticed.

He sang the last two lines under his breath, almost tenderly, as if tucking himself into bed:

"But still I wanna die so easily
I wanna die too fast."

And he didn't die.

He sat.

And he waited.

And he woke up the next morning to another day
that had no reason to exist except to betray him with
its persistence.

There was no redemption coming.
No miracle.
Just another cracked glass. Another broken song.
Another mile to rot.

The door to *The Blue Wick* slammed open with a
violence that rattled the cracked windowpanes.
A man in a torn ski mask stomped in, gun raised
high like some pathetic tribute to failure. His voice
cracked as he barked:

"Hands up! This is a robbery! I'll shoot
the first who moves!"

The usual few patrons froze in their seats, hands
jerking upward like badly rehearsed marionettes.

Except Martin Levy.

Martin *lit up*.

Like a Christmas tree someone forgot to take down
for a decade.

He *leapt* from his stool — arms flailing, feet
slipping, glass crashing to the floor — and with the
widest grin he had worn in years, he shouted:

"Here! Here! Shoot me first! Right
here! Please!"

The bar fell into an awkward silence, thicker than
smoke.

The robber blinked once.

Twice.

Lowered the gun slightly.

Turned, confused, to the bartender.

"Is he... for real?"

The bartender — an old man named Phil who had seen enough pathetic nights to fill a graveyard — didn't even look up from polishing a glass.

He just shrugged, voice dry enough to crumble to dust:

"Oh buddy, if only you knew..."

The robber hesitated.

Martin, still grinning, still waving his arms like a drowning man begging to go under, took a step forward:

"Come on, man! Right here! Center mass! You don't even have to aim! I'll even turn sideways if you wanna be sure!"

The robber shifted his weight awkwardly, the ski mask slipping sideways on his sweaty forehead.

He hadn't signed up for this.

He wanted screaming, money, fear.

Not some washed-up corpse asking for a free ride into the dirt.

A woman at a corner table sighed audibly and went back to her drink.

Phil yawned.

The jukebox wheezed out the last dying note of a Lester Young solo.

Martin just stood there, arms out, a big wet target on a nothing night.

The robber scratched his head with the barrel of his own gun.

"Man... this ain't worth it."

He backed toward the door, muttering under his breath:

"Whole world's gone nuts..."

Martin lowered his arms slowly, disappointment dragging them down like chains.

The door slammed again.

The robber was gone.

Martin looked around the bar, a hollow grin still frozen on his face.

Nobody clapped.

Nobody spoke.

Nobody even cared.

He sat back down.

Another empty glass appeared in front of him without a word.

Phil filled it to the rim, heavy and slow, like pouring concrete into a grave.

Martin muttered, barely loud enough for anyone to hear:

"Can't even get shot properly these days."

The rain outside got heavier.

Inside, *The Blue Wick* sank a little deeper into the night.

It couldn't have been more than ten minutes later.

The door creaked open again — slower this time — and another man walked into *The Blue Wick*.

No mask.

No gun.

Just a beat-up jacket worn inside out, same muddy jeans, same sagging boots. His face was young but already defeated, like a dog too tired to even bark at passing cars.

Everyone in the bar looked up.

Nobody was fooled.

Nobody said anything.

The newcomer shuffled up to the counter, pulled out a crumpled bill, and without a word ordered two

shots of the cheapest whiskey Phil dared to pour without getting sued.

He carried them over to Martin's table, the shots trembling slightly in his shaking hands, and sat down opposite him.

For a second, nothing.
Just the jukebox cycling through static and silence.

The man slid one of the glasses across the table.

"Dude... you all right?"

Martin didn't even look at him.
Just grabbed the shot and gulped it down like it was
cough syrup he hated but deserved.

He wiped his mouth with the back of his sleeve,
slammed the glass down, and answered without a
shred of drama or dignity:

"No.
Not at all, dude."

The newcomer stared at him, eyes hollow, lost in a haze of regret that wasn't even his own.

He took his own shot, slower, wincing at the burn.

Outside, the rain sounded like fingernails dragging across sheet metal.

Inside, Phil changed the jukebox manually.
Something slow, something that could bleed through your ribs if you weren't careful — Ben Webster maybe, or an old, drunk Billie Holiday.

Nobody moved.

Martin stared into his empty glass like it might whisper the answer to a question he had already forgotten.

The man who had tried to rob the place — or whatever he was now — sat across from him, quietly dying in a different way.

Neither of them said anything else.
There was nothing to say.

Nothing to fix.

Nothing to save.

Just two slow-motion wrecks drinking cheap poison,
waiting for something — anything — to put them
out of tune for good.

But the night dragged on.

As always, the night dragged on.

The silence between them was so thick it could've
been poured and set like concrete.

The man — former robber, failed anything —
scratched the side of his head and said, almost shyly:

"Would you... would you like to come
to my place?"

Martin didn't even blink.

He cracked a smile, thin and brittle as a dead leaf,
and replied with no hesitation:

"I thought you'd never ask."

He stood up, wobbled slightly, and picked up his
coat from the back of the stool.

As he slid it on, he added, dry as smoke:

"Bring the ski mask.

And the gun."

The fake-robber hesitated, a nervous laugh dying
halfway up his throat.

He searched Martin's face for some hint of a joke,
some flicker of irony.

Nothing.

Just those eyes: gray, bottomless, already dug into
their own grave.

Phil the bartender watched them without saying a word.

Just refilled a glass for nobody in particular.

Outside, the rain kept falling, steady and dumb, like a world that didn't care what rotted inside it.

They left *The Blue Wick* together.

No one said goodbye.

No one cared.

They walked down cracked sidewalks, past shuttered stores and flickering neon signs. The city didn't even bother to be threatening anymore; it was just tired.

The former robber led the way to a squat apartment block that smelled like boiled cabbage and old mattresses.

Fifth floor, no elevator.

Each step up the grimy stairwell felt like climbing into a coffin.

Inside, the apartment was barely more than a single room: peeling wallpaper, a mattress on the floor, an ashtray overflowing on a milk crate.

A broken TV flashing static against the far wall.

The kind of place that looked like it had given up long before anyone ever moved in.

The man tossed the ski mask onto the milk crate.
Set the gun down too — a cheap .22, barely more lethal than a harsh word.

Martin picked up the mask, weighed the gun in his hand, and sat heavily on the mattress.

For a moment, he just looked around.

Then he said:

"So...

What's the plan, cowboy?"

The former robber — who probably hadn't had a real name in years — shrugged.

"Dunno. Thought maybe we could...
I dunno. Figure it out."

Martin leaned back, the springs of the mattress screaming under him.

He closed his eyes and muttered:

"Ain't much to figure."

The TV buzzed.

The rain rattled the cracked window.

Somewhere far off, a siren wailed, bored and indifferent.

Neither of them moved.

Two men, too broken to fight, too cowardly to die,
too stubborn to stop breathing.

Waiting.
Not for hope.
Not for change.
Just for *anything*.

The gun sat between them on the mattress like a cheap souvenir from a vacation nobody wanted to take.

The room smelled of mold, cold tobacco, and failure.

Martin tilted his head back against the wall, eyes half-shut, voice slow and bored, like someone ordering takeout they didn't even want to eat:

"Bring out the lube, dude."

The former robber froze.

Mouth half-open.

The words hung in the air like smoke from a fire
that wouldn't quite catch.

A full ten seconds passed.
Maybe twenty.

He opened his mouth.
Closed it.
Opened it again.

Finally, he croaked:

"...what?"

Martin didn't even look at him.

Just repeated, same dead tone:

"Lube.
Gun.
Ski mask.
Whole nine yards, man.

If we're gonna do this, might as well
do it *right*."

Another silence.
Longer this time.

The former robber looked at the TV — static.
The window — rain.
The gun — harmless, weightless now.

His hands trembled slightly.
From cold.
Or fear.
Or the sick realization that whatever this was — it
was already too late to back out of.

He stood up, rifled through a battered backpack in
the corner, and pulled out a grimy bottle of
something that might have once been lube but
looked more like motor oil now.

He set it on the milk crate like a priest offering a
sacrifice nobody asked for.

Martin smiled faintly.

A smile that didn't reach his eyes.

"See?

Not so hard."

He picked up the gun, spun it lazily on his finger like a cowboy who'd long forgotten why he drew in the first place.

The former robber — no ski mask now, just a sagging face with all the life drained out — sat back down heavily.

The two of them sat there, facing each other, gun and lube between them, like children daring each other to jump off the roof first.

Nobody moved.

Outside, the world dragged itself into another night. Another day no one had asked for.

Martin finally broke the silence:

"You ever wonder if... maybe hell isn't
fire and brimstone?
Maybe it's just...
this."

He gestured vaguely at the cracked walls, the dead
TV, the rotting city beyond.

The former robber didn't answer.

There was nothing to say.

He just stared at the gun.

At the lube.

At Martin.

And Martin stared right back, eyes empty as a dry
well.

Neither of them reached for anything.

Neither of them laughed.

Neither of them cried.

The rain fell harder, soaking the windows until even the static on the TV seemed to drown.

Nothing happened.

And it was worse than if it had.

The rain hammered the window like fists begging to be let out of this scene.

The room stank of old despair and cheap lube.

Martin stood up slowly, almost ceremonially.

One button at a time, he undressed.

Jacket, shirt, socks — even the sad excuse for underwear that had given up years ago.

Each piece dropped to the floor with the wet slap of a dying fish.

Finally, completely naked, pale and sagging like a dying squid dragged onto a pier, he turned around, bent over the filthy mattress, grabbed the bottle of

lube — and *overfilled* his own ass with it like a demented bartender with a broken pourer.

Splat.

Squish.

A noise so disrespectful to dignity that even the peeling wallpaper seemed to wince.

Martin craned his neck around, a grim, hopeless grin plastered on his face:

"What are you waiting for, dude?"

The former robber sat frozen, still clothed, still clutching the cheap whiskey glass in his hand, pupils dilated like a man watching the slow-motion collision of two garbage trucks full of baby dolls and raw meat.

Martin wiggled his hips obscenely, viscous lube dripping down his thighs like something out of a *Francis Bacon* painting.

He barked:

"You waiting for Hemingway's ghost
to shoot you?
Or kiss you?"

The robber blinked.
He genuinely seemed to be calculating which of the
two options was worse.

The gun lay between them, gleaming dully.
The ski mask drooped sadly on the crate.
The lube bottle rolled off the mattress and hit the
floor with a wet *plop*.

The television buzzed static louder, as if it were
trying to drown them out in white noise mercy.

The robber opened his mouth.

Closed it.

Opened it again.

Finally, in a voice not even fit for confession, he
croaked:

"Man...

I don't even know anymore."

Martin, still bent over, sighed.

"Story of my fucking life, bro."

Outside, the streetlights flickered and died.

Inside, two human ruins faced the abyss: one naked, dripping, and bent over; the other fully clothed, mentally disassociating so hard he could've floated through the ceiling.

Neither moved.

Neither touched.

Neither could finish what even this absurd, pornographic horror had promised.

They were too broken to even degrade themselves properly.

The lube kept dripping onto the floor, beat by beat,
in perfect rhythm with the rain.

And that, somehow, was the most depressing music
Martin had ever heard.

The former robber looked down at the oiled,
shameless landscape that was Martin's ass,
glistening like a rotisserie chicken at a gas station.

He shrugged.

"Well... if it has to get done, it has to
get done."

He unzipped, dropped his pants with the casual
melancholy of a man getting ready for an unsolicited
plumbing job, and — guided by nothing but despair,
lube, and a catchy musical spirit — he entered
Martin with one determined thrust.

And then — he started to *sing*,
(he couldn't help it, the moment demanded it!)
to the noble, nautical tune of "*A British Tar*":

*"An ass well lubed is a tempting thing,
Too tasty to ever get to waste!
His energetic squeeze must be able to
fulfill,
A cock with cum to squirt, no time to
be chaste!"*

He pounded away, picking up steam like a cheerful little tugboat going straight into a storm of flesh and bad decisions.

Martin, true to the spirit of the moment, arched his back dramatically and started his own *Cole Porter*-level showstopper, voice echoing off the mildew-stained walls:

*"Like the drip, drip, drip of your cum
drops,
When my ass is opened through,*

*So a load within me keeps repeating:
You, you, you!"*

The robber, now fully possessed by the absurd glory of it all, reached the peak of his own operatic climax, thrust harder, groaned out an off-key final verse—

*"Night and day, you are the one,
Only you within the ass and under the
sun!"*

— and shot his load into Martin with a force that, for a moment, actually made the rain outside pause in awe.

Martin gasped theatrically as if receiving the Holy Spirit:

"I feel so *alive*!"

The robber, breathing hard, leaned against Martin's sweaty back and muttered:

"Bro... that was beautiful.
Like...
community theatre beautiful."

They collapsed onto the stained mattress together,
laughing — honest, ugly laughter, the kind that
rattles the soul clean.

Outside, the rain cleared.
The first hesitant beams of dawn poked through the
cracked window, shining directly on Martin's bare,
cum-glazed ass like a divine spotlight.

For once, *The Blue Wick* was silent — not with
despair, but with the stunned silence of a world that
had just witnessed something *truly sacred and*
profane at once.

Martin smiled.
For the first time in decades, he meant it.

"You know, dude...
maybe life ain't so bad."

The robber nodded, wiping sweat from his brow.

"Yeah, man.

Sometimes you just gotta fuck a sad
stranger's lubed-up ass while singing
Gilbert & Sullivan."

And they both agreed:

This was, somehow, the best night of their lives.

The next morning, they didn't even bother pulling
on underwear.

Martin and the former-robber-now-best-bro simply
tugged on their pants commando, lit up cigars so
cheap they should've come with a warning label, and
cracked open a couple of warm beers from a dented
mini-fridge.

Martin took a long drag on his cigar, blew the smoke
toward the ceiling stained with mold and broken

dreams, and slapped the former robber on the bare back.

"You're a good man, dude."

The robber — let's call him Tommy now, because fuck it, he deserved a name — grinned with beer foam stuck to his lip.

"You're a good hole, dude."

They both roared with laughter, clinking their beers together with the solemnity of ancient warriors exchanging swords.

It was decided — no contracts, no speeches — just two battered souls agreeing silently:

*From now on, it was bros. Only bros.
Forever.*

No silly women.

No drama.

Just chest bumps, grilling meat till it bled manly

juices, lighting cigars with the burning embers of lost ambition — and, naturally, buttfucking each other raw whenever the spirit of brotherhood demanded it.

They spent the afternoon shirtless in the courtyard of the building, dragging out a rusted grill that coughed and wheezed like a tubercular old man. Slabs of meat sizzled — not that plant-based soy shit, real dead cow bleeding glorious fat onto the coals.

They smoked stogies thicker than a toddler's arm, chest-bumping with enough force to leave bruises that would turn proud shades of purple by morning.

When the moment struck — and it often did — they simply bent over wherever felt right: over the grill (careful not to burn), against the building wall, on the hood of a rusted-out car that hadn't moved since 1997.

No talking.

No need.

Just manhood affirming itself the only way it knew
how:

**through the mighty, sloppy, joyful rite of
buttfucking.**

Sometimes, mid-thrust, they'd crack open another
beer, foam spraying onto sweaty backs.

Sometimes they'd slap each other's asses like
football players, calling plays between grunts:

"Hut one! Hut two! Going deep, bro!"

They didn't care who saw.

An old neighbor lady once peeked out her window
and fainted immediately.

Good.

The world had tried to kill them with loneliness.
It failed.

Now they lived by simpler laws:

- Grill meat.
- Smoke cigars.
- Crack beers.
- Butt slam your bro into next Tuesday.
- Repeat.

As the sun set behind the smog-choked skyline, Martin and Tommy leaned back against the car hood, sweat and cum drying slowly on their bruised thighs, and watched the sky turn the color of a well-cooked steak.

Martin took a slow drag from his cigar, then passed it to Tommy.

"You know, dude...

We may be broke.

We may be broken.

But we ain't fucking alone anymore."

Tommy grinned, wide and stupid:

"Nah, bro. We're buttfuckin'
together."

They chest-bumped one more time — hard enough
to knock the air out of both of them — and cracked
two fresh beers.

Tomorrow?
More grilling.
More cigars.
More buttfucking.

Because that's what real bros do.

And for once, Martin thought:

Yeah.

I wanna live.

*I wanna live so hard, death's gonna
have to pry the beer can from my
dead, sweaty hand.*

The courtyard stank gloriously of burnt meat, cigar smoke, and fresh man-sweat.

Martin and Tommy, stripped to their belts and bravado, were mid-butfuck — Martin bent over the grill again, laughing and grunting in sheer brotherly triumph — when it happened.

The women arrived.

They strutted into the courtyard like a storm front with tits and vengeance.

Two of them.

Deadly.

Unstoppable.

Unforgiving.

Chantanal — a six-foot goddess of thighs and malice, in leather shorts and a tank top that screamed *"I dare you to breathe wrong."*

And her sister-in-arms, **Depussy** — curvy, cruel-eyed, wielding a handbag that had definitely murdered before.

They crossed their arms and sneered at the scene before them: two sweaty, panting bros still connected at the crotch, mid-thrust, mid-cigar, mid-beer.

Chantanal barked:

"So you guys thought you could pretend to be gay and buttfuck us away, eh?"

Tommy froze, beer still in one hand, balls still deep in his best bro.

He whispered, voice low and terrified:

"Damn...
They found us."

Martin, blinking, tried to adjust his cigar in his teeth without dislodging Tommy from inside him.

"Who... who are they?"

Tommy, pale and sweating harder now, answered like a man describing an ancient curse:

"The strongest parts of the human body, bro.

Muscles make you lift a sofa...

But pussy makes you buy it."

There was no escape.

Chantanal and Depussy advanced, hips swinging like pendulums of doom.

Their cleavage alone had gravitational pull.

Their smirks could bend steel.

Martin tried to stand, but Tommy was still balls-deep in him, and the effort only made him squawk like a stepped-on accordion.

Chantanal grabbed a still-lit cigar from the grill, took a drag, exhaled into Martin's face.

"You boys wanna play house without the queens of the game?"

Depussy snatched a dripping slab of steak off the grill, bit into it savagely, juices running down her wrist.

"You boys think you know meat?"

She licked the steak blood off her arm.

"You're about to learn."

Martin and Tommy exchanged one last desperate chest bump — a silent *"bro, it was an honor dying with you"* — and braced for impact.

Because when Chantanal and Depussy hit?

They hit harder than a buttplug in freefall.

The air changed.

You could *feel* it — like that brief, aching silence right before a storm that will tear the roofs off your life.

A soft tinkling filled the courtyard.

No, not the desperate drip of cum and lube this time.

A piano.

From nowhere — or maybe everywhere — **Diana Krall herself** appeared, dressed in a slinky black gown, fingers gliding smoothly over a battered upright piano someone must have dragged out of the garbage.

The opening bars of *"Love Is Here to Stay"* floated into the thick, cigar-soaked courtyard air, but with a new, lewder destiny.

Chantanal stepped forward, hips swinging like loaded wrecking balls, grabbed the microphone stand that surely wasn't there a minute ago, and in a throaty, mocking jazz croon, she sang:

*"It's very clear, our Pussy is here to
stay*

Not for a year, but ever and a day

*The radio and the telephone
And the movies that we know
May just be passing fancies
And in time may go..."*

She pointed a lacquered fingernail straight at Tommy's still-erect cock, which gave a visible twitch of fear and anticipation.

Then Depussy strutted up, snatched the mic away with a savage grin, and took over the next verse, her voice honeyed poison:

*"But oh, my dear
The Pussy is here to stay
Together we're going a long, long way
In time the Rockies may crumble
Gibraltar may tumble
They're only made of clay
But the Pussy is here to stay..."*

As Diana Krall's fingers danced over the keys, a warm, sensual doom wrapped itself around the two men.

Martin and Tommy, still half-entwined, dripping sweat and leftover beer, could only stare slack-jawed.

Their cigars drooped pathetically from their mouths.

Their beers tipped and spilled into their laps, unnoticed.

They had fought for their buttfucking brotherhood. They had braved grilling, cigar burns, and anal poundings of legendary proportions.

But this?

This was the **inevitable triumph of Pussy.**

Elegant.

Unstoppable.

Swinging in 6/8 time.

Chantanal and Depussy moved closer, their hips swaying like sirens steering ships into the rocks of total, willing destruction.

Tommy whimpered:

"Bro... I think we're about to be heterofied."

Martin, tears in his eyes — not of sadness, but of awe — whispered:

"If I have to buy a sofa... let it be from the touch of an ass that shakes the earth."

They dropped their beers.

They dropped their cigars.

They dropped to their knees.

The women laughed, low and victorious.

As Diana Krall played on, the moon rising high and leering, the final truth was sung into the sticky night:

"But the Pussy...

Is here...

To STAY!"

And as Chantalal and Depussy unzipped their tight shorts to unleash the next glorious stage of destruction...

Fade out.

The courtyard-turned-stage throbbed with jazz, sex, and destiny.

Diana Krall's piano hammered into a fevered, triumphant tempo.

Without another word, **Depussy** grabbed Martin — who was still blinking like a shellshocked WWII vet

— shoved him onto the hood of the rusted car, and **impaled herself gloriously onto his cock**, hips slamming down with the force of a small freight train.

Martin gasped, back arching like a struck tuning fork, hands clutching her hips as Depussy *rode him like a champion bull rider*.

At the same time, **Chantanal** laid herself down with queenly grace, spread her legs wide in invitation, and **yanked Tommy down onto her**, guiding his cock into her dripping, scorching heat with both hands and a grin that could cut glass.

Tommy's face melted into a look of terror, joy, and total surrender.

And then—

The music swelled.

The spotlight hit.

The women SANG.

(Aria style — to the bombastic tune of *"New York, New York"*)

Chantanal and Depussy (in powerful, belting unison):

*"Start spreading the news,
You're cummin' today!
I want to make you cum in me,
Poor man, poor man!"*

(Martin grunted. Tommy moaned. Both clutched ass and breast alike.)

*"Your vagabond ass, pretends to be
gay,
And step around the heart of it,
Poor man, poor man!"*

(Chantanal's pussy gripped Tommy so hard he saw stars.)

(Depussy's cuntmilk squelched and sang with every bounce.)

*"You're gonna wake up in that pussy
that doesn't sleep,
And find your old clitoris, good old G-
spot!"*

*"Your small-ass blues, they're melting
away!"*

*"I'm gonna make a brand-new start of
it,"*

"With old Pussy...!"

(The grand finale built — both women riding their poor, destroyed bros toward the final, inescapable orgasmic apocalypse.)

GRAND FINALE, full-throated, thunderous,
triumphant:

*"IF YOU CAN CUM IN THERE,
YOU CAN CUM IN ANYWHERE!"*

IT'S UP TO YOU...

**PUSSYYYYYY!*

PUSSYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!"

And Tommy exploded.

And Martin exploded.

Both men howled like dying wolves and clutched their conquerors as *oceans of cum* surged into those triumphant pussies, dripping out gloriously, soaking thighs, hoods of cars, and the crumbling asphalt of their fallen bro sanctuary.

Orgasm.

Exhaustion.

Defeat.

Glory.

The piano hit the final, crashing chord.

The courtyard — hell, the whole neighborhood — erupted into a **standing ovation**.

Phantom townsfolk appeared, clapping, whistling, some crying openly at the raw beauty of the performance.

Martin and Tommy lay sprawled, emptied, trembling.

Depussy and Chantanal stood over them, hands on hips, victorious, radiant, and leaking male defeat down their thighs like royal trophies.

Diana Krall lit a cigarette at the piano and simply nodded, as if to say:

"Yeah. That was worth it."

The lights dimmed.

The curtains — where the fuck did curtains even come from? — **fell**.

End of Act One.

ACT TWO

The lights come up on a beat-up suburban
backyard:

Rusty grill smoking.

Cigars tucked behind ears.

Beer cans already piling up around a sad little picnic
table.

Tommy and **Martin** sit on lawn chairs — both bare-
ass naked except for sunglasses and Crocs —
sipping beers, grinning like idiots.

Tommy, clinking bottles:

"Still best buddies?"

Martin, clinking back:

"Still best buddies!"

They **HIGH-FIVE** so hard that one of the lawn
chairs tips backward, but they recover without
spilling their beers.

Tommy, winking:

"Still buttfucking?"

Martin, fist-bumping:

"Still buttfucking!"

They both pause.

Look off into the middle distance.

Gravely.

Solemnly.

Tommy:

"Not exclusive anymore, I'm afraid."

Martin, sighing:

"I'm afraid not.

Pussy got in the way."

They both turn their faces to the heavens, shaking fists dramatically at the uncaring blue sky.

Together, roaring in frustration:

"DAMN YOU, PUSSY!"

MUSICAL NUMBER BEGINS

(To the rollicking, drunken tune of "Mr. Booze" from Robin and the 7 Hoods — but dirtier, filthier, better.)

The Greek Chorus — made up of random shirtless bros, still sweaty from barbecuing and buttfucking — **pops out from behind bushes, out of inflatable pools, and from underneath pickup trucks**, snapping fingers and swaying.

Tommy and Martin (singing, arms thrown wide in mournful mockery):

"She is cruel and she is mean!"

Greek Chorus, snapping fingers:

"(She mean!)"

Tommy and Martin, staggering dramatically:

"That's a shame..."

Greek Chorus, hands on hearts:

"(What a shame!)"

Tommy and Martin, falling to their knees:

"Who's to blame?"

Greek Chorus, shouting:

"(Who's to blame?)"

Tommy and Martin and the Entire Chorus, pointing
in every direction like deranged preachers:

"Her name is..."

ALL, bellowing and stomping:

"MISS PUSSY! MISS PUSSY!
MISS P-U-DOUBLE S AND Y!"

Greek Chorus, clapping and stomping in rhythm:

(That sure spells Pussy!)

Diana Krall, back at the piano, kicks into a fast,
jazzy vamp.

The audience claps along automatically, caught in
the infectious, filthy joy.

Tommy and Martin, leaning against each other,
dramatically "marching" in place like broken
soldiers:

*"You will wind up wearing tattered
shoes...!"*

Greek Chorus, waving beer cans in sympathy:

(If you mess with Miss Pussy!)

(Don't mess with Miss Pussy!)

(Don't mess with Miss Pussy!)

The scene is total, glorious, sweaty, cigar-smoked chaos.

Everyone is clapping.

Everyone is singing.

Everyone knows: **You can fistbump your bro... but you can't outrun the Pussy.**

As the song ends, Martin and Tommy collapse back into their lawn chairs, laughing, exhausted, sipping beers over their spent, battered, non-exclusive dicks.

Martin, grinning:

"Still best buddies."

Tommy, raising his beer:

"Still buttfucking."

Lights fade out.

Spotlights cut through a fake mist.

In the middle of the courtyard, a **white horse** — filthy, magnificent, clearly rented from some sketchy medieval dinner show — **trots in dramatically.**

On its back:

Depussy and Chantanal.

Bareback.

Bare-breasted.

Bare-everything.

Their hair flowing behind them like the banners of a conquering army.

They sit astride the horse together, thighs gleaming, sweat glistening, **grins of pure predatory glee** carved into their faces.

They circle Martin and Tommy — who are still drinking beers, still **buttfucking** each other, but now with the **unmistakable fear** of men who know their days are numbered.

Chantanal, pointing her riding crop at them:

"Those two buttfuckers..."

Depussy, sneering:

"Think they can be left alone, happy, free, bro-on-bro."

Chantanal, cracking the crop:

"We can change that."

Music starts.

Soft, sensual, jazzy at first...

Then shifting into raunchy gospel, like a revival meeting in a whorehouse.

Depussy and Chantanal (riding side by side, raising arms like priestesses of sin) begin to SING:

"Sodomy!"

Greek Chorus, emerging from behind bushes and barbecue grills, gasping in mock horror:

(That's a NO!)

Depussy, licking her lips:

"Fellatio!"

Chantanal, winking shamelessly:

"Cunnilingus!"

Greek Chorus, snapping fingers and grinding hips:

(Those are YES!)

Depussy, pretending to write a blackboard list:

"Pederasty!"

Greek Chorus, booing and shaking their heads:

(Other NO!)

Both women, voices rising higher, swirling around
the helpless, sweaty bros:

"Masturbation..."

Greek Chorus, now clapping and stomping:

(Can be fun!)

ALL together — women, men, horse, Greek Chorus
— shouting, clapping, stomping:

"Join the holy orgy..."

"Kama Sutra..."

"EVERYONE!"

The courtyard **EXPLODES** into an all-out sexual revival.

- Shirts ripped off.
- Pants flung into trees.
- Beers slammed down and replaced with lubricated hands and tongues.

Martin, drunk and terrified, tries to sprint away — but **Depussy lassoes him around the waist** like a cowgirl from hell and **drags him face-first into her pussy.**

Tommy, attempting to climb the grill to safety, is **tackled mid-air by Chantanal**, who **rides his face like a woman breaking a mustang.**

The Greek Chorus pours in — an orgy of flesh, laughter, dripping wet skin, and musical refrains — until the entire block looks like a Roman Bacchanalia collided with a porno set and nobody

called the cops because they were too busy jerking off.

Diana Krall plays feverishly at the piano, hands flying, smiling like she's finally found the real meaning of jazz.

The horse rears up, whinnying like it's cumming too.

Lights flash.

Confetti cannons blast.

Audience members faint from sheer pornographic exaltation.

Final Verse: All Together, arms raised, sweaty and glorious:

"Sodomy!

Fellatio!

Cunnilingus!

Holy, holy
ORGYYYYYY!"

The stage is **completely empty**.

Just thick mist swirling across the floor, lit from below by an eerie, almost spiritual golden light.

No people.

No props.

Only **music** — soft at first, dreamlike, like the first breath after orgasm.

And then **the voices** begin:

Invisible.

Pure.

Sacredly obscene.

Chorus (heavenly, tender, dripping with pornographic gravitas):

*"When the cock is in the Seventh
Ass..."*

"And juicy cum fulfills my ass..."

"Then peace will guide the feeties..."

"And squirt will seal orgasms..."

Slowly, from the mist:

Figures emerge — nude couples,
covered in gray-white dust and mud,
looking like they walked straight out of Antonioni's
Blow-Up if *Blow-Up* had been directed by a horny,
LSD-tripping Fellini.

They **dance and copulate at the same time** —
bodies grinding, writhing, leaping, penetrating —
**forming shifting sculptures of mud-smeared, living
pornography.**

The music **builds**, becoming a pulsing, tribal
heartbeat.

The entire stage **erupts** into the full anthem:

ALL (full chorus, stomping, clapping, fucking in rhythm):

"This is the dawning of the Age of
Pussy Squirting!"

"Age of Pussy Squirting!"

"Pu-u-u-syyyyyy... Squir-t-i-i-iiiiing!"

(Moans and slaps of wet flesh perfectly sync with the beat.)

"Harmony and understanding!"

"Sympathy and thrust abounding!"

"No more falsehoods or derisions!"

"Golden living dreams of minions!"

"Mystic fanny revelation!"

"And the crotch true liberation!"

Bodies **flip** and **twist** in impossible embraces —

- Cocks slapping against asses mid-backflip.
- Tongues trailing cum across bellies like calligraphy.
- Mud, sweat, and cum merging into the **final paint of human expression**.

The **final cry** rises from every open throat — every man, woman, bro, whore, old drunk pianist, and even the goddamn **horse** (offstage, whinnying in tune):

FULL STAGE, SCREAMING TO THE HEAVENS:

"SQUIRT-I-I-I-I-I-I-ING!
PU-U-U-U-U-U-SSYYYYYYYY!"

Lights explode into orgasmic brightness.

The stage literally quivers from the stomping and fucking.

Curtain falls.

But from behind the curtain, you can still hear faint, exhausted, happy moans... and the wet, proud sounds of victorious squirting.

The stage is **empty once again**.

The mist clears.

Only a deep, slow, sensual **drumbeat** remains — steady, tribal, inevitable.

Then **brass instruments** rise — bold, brash, dirty, *pure orgasmic jazz*.

Music swells:

It's the unmistakable, explosive intro to *"Let the Sun Shine In"* —

but reborn now as the anthem of a new, dripping, marching age.

The **invisible Chorus** — somewhere offstage, powerful, orgasmic, triumphant — begins to chant:

Chorus (strong, slow, stomping beat):

"Let the cock cum..."

"Let the cock cum in..."

"Let the cock cum..."

"Let the cock cum in..."

From Stage Left:

Tommy and Martin march in, **stiff and proud**, wearing **full military green jumpsuits**, combat boots,

and helmets —

their faces **serious, noble, destined.**

From Stage Right:

Depussy and **Chantanal** march in perfect rhythm,
equally suited, equally booted, helmets gleaming
under the golden stage lights.

All four meet **center stage**, saluting **fiercely and
proudly** — and **they keep saluting** through the entire
number.

Marching in tight formation, military-erect, stiff
with destiny and cum.

**ALL FOUR (military chant, marching perfectly in
rhythm):**

"Let the cock cum..."

"Let the cock cum in..."

"Let the cock cum..."

"Let the cock cum in..."

They stomp across the stage, boot heels pounding
the boards.

Faces solemn.

Eyes blazing.

Helmets cocked slightly rakish, full of absurd
dignity.

The music grows louder.

The brass blasts harder.

The drums thunder.

The *very floor* vibrates with the final approach of
destiny.

Finale Moment:

The music **peaks**, hitting a wall of sound so ecstatic
it seems the walls themselves might squirt holy oil.

Tommy, Martin, Chantanal, and Depussy — in perfect, synchronized, almost religious movement — fall dramatically onto their knees, arms thrown wide, reaching desperately toward the heavens.

ALL FOUR (belting with all their lungs and souls):

"LET THE COOOOOOOCK

CUMMMMMMMM..."

"LET THE COCK CUM

IIIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNN!"

Curtain SLAMS DOWN.

Final cymbal crash.

Audience bursts into chaotic, screaming, cum-smearred, weeping, laughing standing ovation.

The age of buttfucking, pussy-squirting, brotherly-bonded, militarized filthy glory has dawned —
and it will never die.

THE END.

ENCORE – PART 1

The curtain rises slowly — creaking slightly, as if even the machinery is exhausted but spiritually fulfilled.

The stage is **completely bare.**

Just wood.

Just bodies.

Tommy, Martin, Chantanal, and Depussy are sitting **cross-legged**, naked, cocks and pussies still glistening under the soft yellow stage lights.

No shame.

Only brotherhood, sisterhood, stickyhood.

Depussy gently strums an **acoustic guitar**, her fingers picking out the soft, iconic intro to "*San Francisco*" by Scott McKenzie —
but now reborn as a hymn to oral sex and dietary preparation.

The four sing in **gentle, serene voices** —
like a stoned hippie choir from a pornographic Woodstock that nobody filmed because cameras melted from the sheer beauty.

ALL FOUR (softly, swaying together):

*"If you're going to cum in my
mouth..."*

*"Be sure to drink plenty of pineapple
juice..."*

"If you are going to cum in my

mouth..."

*"You're gonna feel some deepthroat of
your cock..."*

Depussy, smiling sweetly, picks up the tempo slightly:

*"For those who cum in others' sweet
mouths..."*

*"Pineapple juice will be a love-in
there..."*

Tommy, nodding reverently, voice shaking with emotion:

"In the streets of oral sexing..."

*"Gentle people will come in others'
mouths..."*

The audience falls completely silent.

Some wipe tears from their eyes.

Some jerk off discreetly under their coats.

The spirit of sacred filth has descended.

Four naked warriors of love.

One battered acoustic guitar.

A stage heavy with the scent of pineapple hope.

The final chords strum slowly into silence.

The lights dim —

not down into blackness, but into a golden haze —

like the last breath of a glorious orgy fading into
myth.

Commander, we are in the Holy Land now.

The final apotheosis:

**A full-house, standing, dancing, singing, cumming
climax.**

Here's **Encore Part 2: The Triumph**, just as you
envisioned it:

"I Wanna Die So Easily"

ENCORE – PART 2: All You Need is Cum

The stage, still golden and naked, trembles slightly.
A gentle **drum roll** begins — tribal, familiar —
joined by the slow, bouncing **bass section**.

Then, like a wave of joy rising from the floorboards,
the unmistakable opening riff of "*All You Need is Love*" (re-imagined through a very sticky, jubilant lens) rolls out across the theater.

The Four — Tommy, Martin, Chantanal, Depussy
— **stand up proudly**.

Still gloriously naked.

Still shining under the sweat and dried remnants of
love.

They link **arms around each other's shoulders**,
forming a tight, swaying line.

They sing out, full-voiced, full-hearted:

"All you need is cum!"

(da-dadda-da-ra-da!) — drums and horns blare!

They **kick high** in unison, like a porno version of the
Rockettes at the Moulin Rouge:

- Mud splatters.
 - Sweat rains.
 - Lube drips.
 - Cigars are relit in celebration.
-

"All you need is cum!"

"All you need is cum, cum!"

"Cum is all you need!"

The Greek Chorus — shirtless, sweaty, glittered — bursts from the wings and joins the stage, **swaying** and **clapping a tempo**.

Audience members, drunk on joy, lube, and sheer musical glory, **start climbing onto the stage too** —

- men, women, non-binaries, confused grandmas, teenage TikTok influencers — **ALL singing**.
-

Everyone together now, a mass orgasm of music:

"Cum, cum, cum!"

(clap clap clap)

"Cum, cum, cum!"

(clap clap clap)

"Cum, cum, cum!"

The Four spin around, arms wide, beckoning everyone forward:

"Come on up, you filthy beautiful bastards!"

And **the entire theater** pours onto the stage, laughing, shouting, stripping, humping, hugging, crying.

Hundreds of bodies in rhythm, singing, thrusting, kissing, cumming, and loving.

A single living mass of human joy and naked filth.

Final Verse — EVERYONE, screaming, laughing, sobbing with happiness:

"All you need is cum!"

"All you need is cum!"

"All you need is cum, cum!"

"Cum is all you need!"

Confetti cannons blast lube-soaked rainbow glitter
into the air.

The brass band plays louder, faster, hotter.

The stage groans under the weight of love and jizz.

The lights flash.

The music swells.

The people roar.

Curtain falls.

Encore over.

Legend made.

The curtain *tries* to close.

It *fails*.

It droops sadly halfway.

Somebody from the Greek Chorus jerks it fully back open with a beer-soaked yank.

The audience — half-naked now, half-humping each other, smeared in glitter, cum, and confetti — **refuses to leave.**

The Four — Martin, Tommy, Chantanal, Depussy — **refuse to leave.**

The **stage** itself — vibrating under the pounding feet and slapping asses — seems to shudder with delight and **refuse to end.**

Suddenly: **a bouncy, familiar beat begins.**

Someone (probably Diana Krall, now shirtless at the piano) pounds out the opening bars to "*Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da.*"

But of course... the lyrics are gloriously, disgustingly new.

The entire writhing mass of humanity begins to sing:

Greek Chorus and Audience (joyfully drunken, arms linked, fucking mid-sway):

*"Desmond has his barrow in the
market place..."*

"Molly is the singer in a band..."

*"Desmond says to Molly, 'Girl, I like
your face'"*

*"And Molly says this as she takes him
by the hand..."*

ALL, at the top of their lungs, thrusting and bouncing in orgasmic time:

"LICK ME HERE, SUCK ME
THERE, SQUIRTING ON, BRAH!"
"PUSSY SQUIRTING JUST GOES
ON!"

"LICK ME HERE, SUCK ME
THERE, SQUIRTING ON, BRAH!"
"PUSSY SQUIRTING JUST GOES
ON!"

Bodies spin.

Cocks bounce.

Tits bounce.

Mouths find mouths.

Asses slap against thighs.

Cum rains like holy water over the electric,
immortal stage.

The lights flash in rhythm.

The beat speeds up, and so does the fucking, the
licking, the squirting, the slapping, the giggling.

(BRIDGE SECTION — music swings harder!)

*"In a couple of years they have built a
home made of thighs..."*

(Squirt, squirt!)

*"With a cock and a pussy and a few
squirts flowing out between the sighs!"*

(AHHHHH!)

Final Chorus — Entire Theater, standing, fucking,
laughing, weeping:

"LICK ME HERE, SUCK ME
THERE, SQUIRTING ON, BRAH!"
"PUSSY SQUIRTING JUST GOES
ON!"

"LICK ME HERE, SUCK MEN
THERE, SQUIRTING ON, BRAH!"

"PUSSY SQUIRTING JUST GOES
ON!"

The music doesn't even **properly stop**.

It just... **melts** into endless jamming.

Endless dancing.

Endless licking.

Endless squirting.

The stage and the audience — no, **the entire fucking world** — becomes one big, pulsing, forever-singing, forever-squirting orgasm.

THE TRUE END.

(Or is it?)

Martin Levy is tired. Not in the poetic, Byronic sense. Just tired—of jukeboxes, rain, cheap whiskey, and waking up every morning with the distinct sense that he forgot to die the night before. At The Blue Wick, a bar held together by cigarette ash and apathy, he drinks, he hums old jazz, and he waits for nothing in particular.

Then one night, a man in a ski mask bursts through the door with a gun, a plan, and absolutely no idea what he's about to start.

I Wanna Die So Easily begins as a quiet, sorrowful portrait of decline—and promptly collapses into a fully scored, operatically unhinged musical featuring despair-fueled anal sex, a Broadway-level gospel about cunnilingus, and a Greek chorus of shirtless men grilling meat and screaming at the sky. It is obscene. It is absurd. It is, somehow, moving.

Alba Pratalia has written a tragicomedy in the purest sense: one where you laugh, cry, and question your life choices—often in the same paragraph. This is a novel for anyone who has ever looked at modern existence and thought, “Surely, there must be a song number for this.”

Alba Pratalia is the heteronym of Pepito, Ernest Hemingway's long-suffering parrot, who lived for thirteen years in the oppressive humidity of Key West and developed a severe drinking problem, an encyclopedic knowledge of jazz, and a biting contempt for literary minimalism. After Hemingway's death, Pepito fell into obscurity;